

WATER'S

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

OUT A NEW

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

IS HIGH

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

Fertilizer.

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

TRAIL RAILROAD.

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

Kennebec

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

Sagadahoc

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

Whitehouse

to cure every form of
Headache and Fever,
Colds and Fevers,
Rheumatism, and
Not a CATHARTIC,
neither opium, mor-
phine, or opiate, they are
all dealers, or prepaid
order.

WESTBROOK, ME.
WESTBROOK, ME.

Woman's Department.

TO TALK WITH FLUENCY AND EASE.

Many a girl, intelligent, educated, as our ideas go, is mortified by her lack of ease in conversation. She finds other girls, inferior in actual ability, ever ready in the shifting round game we call small talk, and is forced to the conclusion that shallowness is the passport to social favor. But she is mistaken; she is simply in the condition of a person overloaded with large bills when there is need for a little small change. Perhaps she is self-conscious; perhaps—let me whisper it—she is selfish, like the man in "Punch," who said, "Oh, Robinson is such a bore; he's always talking about himself and his affairs, when I want to talk about myself and my affairs."

There is one great reason for this lack of conversational power; in too many cases the art is never practiced inside the home circle. No attempt at pleasant converse is ever made save when visitors are present; the various members of the family may gossip a little, or discuss purely personal affairs, but they make no attempt at entertaining talk. In point of fact, the art of conversation is like a game of battledore and shuttlecock; one needs the quickness and dexterity of constant practice. In many households the only general gathering of the family is at mealtime—a time when all others when worry should be banished, if only for the sake of physical comfort. Yet this is the very time when the mother will complain of domestic worry, the father of business cares, and the daughters of shabby frocks.

All this should be changed; it ought to be a rule in all households that disagreeable are to be banished at mealtime. If complaints must be made let them come at a proper time, but do not imperil your digestion by eating while you are in an irritated and discontented frame of mind. Pleasant talk, relieved by an occasional laugh, will be more beneficial than pounds of pills. In the household there should not only be an avoidance of unpleasant topics, but an attempt to find agreeable ones. Each member of the family should come to the table prepared to say something pleasant. Any bright little story or merry joke, or any bit of world's news that will loosen the tongues and cause animated talk—how it will increase the brightness of a working day! There need be no profound discussions, no hobby-ridden; it should be lively, touch-and-go talk. Let the girls talk just a bit about gowns and chiffons if they will; let the boys talk athletics, for in this family parliament every one should have a right to be heard. But let the general range of the newspaper order—that all the world is doing. It is far better to discuss the delinquencies of powers and potates than of our neighbors; and she who keeps herself acquainted with the doings of all great people and places cannot be provincial, however narrow her horizon. Now, there is one fact to note especially: The girl who wants topics for conversation must read the newspapers. There is no doubt that newspapers and periodicals are most useful in giving subjects for general conversation. The information thus gleaned is both timely and popular. General information of a popular type is the prime requisite for easy conversation, and when to this is added good temper and the ability to appreciate a joke, there should be no complaint of inability to talk with fluency and ease.

A FAMILY LOG-BOOK.

Perhaps one of the most amusing and absorbing diversions is the keeping of a family log-book—not an egotistical diary, but a big, open volume in which the family doings are recorded—each member of the family taking, in turn, the duty of setting down the day's events, and each vying with the other in making this family history as gay and pleasant as possible. An endless series of interesting and amusing events will arise from this practice, and the book will gain infinitely in attraction if it is illustrated. If some one in the household is clever with the pencil so much the better, but occasionally the crude attempts of the unskilled are quite as amusing as if better done, and in any event one always has the illustrated papers and magazines to fall back upon. It will astonish those who have never tried it to find how completely and cleverly any story can be illustrated by clipped pictures. The whole picture need not be used; a horse, a man, a dog, a house or tree may be taken out of some complete story and made to fit in as appropriately to the text as if drawn specially for it. Let the log-book lie close at hand, with ink and pens always ready; a box of clipped pictures, a gum-bottle and scissors always in place, and before long the family history will be growing into a delightful illustrated story, a treasure which some day a biographer may come in ardent haste to secure, because in it are recorded the childish doings of Johnnie or Mary, now grown famous and admired. Certainly such a book will be a treasure to the mother after all her brood have scattered, and the grandchildren will turn its pages with wonder and delight at the familiar record of how the world went in those far-away times when grandmamma was young and mother only a little girl. What a price such a book kept by the Shakespeares family or the Washington family would now command, and the careful diary record of the life of even a family whose members never become famous, will, in a century from now, be looked upon as a treasure.

GINGHAM GOWNS.

The soft, pretty gingham that are now produced make very pretty dresses for the little folks, as well as bigger ones. Pink and white and blue and white, in fine even checks, make most charming set offs for the beauties of the babies. There are many pretty ways of making these little gowns. Here is one that is so nice for a child. The arm's eyes are cut by the little waist pattern, then the neck is cut, and a great deal of fineness allowed for shirring; the seam under the arm is slanted a little and goes put on, if necessary, for fullness around the bottom of the little skirt. The dress is then shirred at the neck; it may simply be shirred twice and finished with a ruffle around the throat of the gingham, or lace or Hamburg. Another pretty way is to shirr several times; perhaps four, or even as many again, if you wish. A little ruffle must be put on the under side in this case to show the shirring may be stayed. On each row of shirring make a row of feather stitching, done with Asiatic twisted embroidery silk, or Boston art silk, in pink, if the little dress is pink. I have found that the surest way of getting the little gowns to hang evenly is to try them on the small board, and pin up the hem as desired; this is not so difficult as it might seem.

How to Make a Dress of a Pretty Costume.

The beauty of a suit is something that can never be denied, and while it is not a particularly expensive material, it becomes rather costly to make it up, inasmuch as silk or satin is required for its lining. That girl who is at once fond of pretty clothes and economical, has saved the white silk or white satin party dress that has served its time, and utilizes it, after it has been thoroughly cleaned, as a foundation for the mull skirt, under which it looks so well. It might be that instead of white it was a pale pink or blue that did service, for this would also be in good taste and make a very effective background for the thin mull. Instead of being plaited the mull skirt is carefully gathered and falls over its silky lining in fine curves. Its trimming consists of three narrow flounces carefully hemmed by hand, and headed by a quille, which is, in reality, a triple box-pleat of very narrow pink satin ribbon. Broad pink ribbon, that which is known as the sash width, makes the yoke; and the lower part of the bodice, which is of the mull, is fitted to it. This fullness is evenly laid on the yoke edge, but at the waist it is drawn to the center so that a pointed effect is achieved.

The yoke is overlaid with rather coarse lace, white in color, and the collar, which is of the folded mull, has an edge of lace turned over on it as if it were a specially-made rolling collar. The pointed belt is of folded pink ribbon, and the sleeves are of the mull, very full, but drooping—Ladies' Home Journal.

For even with a restless baby it can be done in a few minutes.

The hem should be stitched and then a row of the feather stitching with the Boston art silk makes a dainty finish to a dainty gown. The little sleeves look so quaintly pretty if made very full that we can not refrain from suggesting that the material be draped freely in a ruffle around the tiny wrist falling a little bit over the dainty hand is pretty. These fine gingham hems wear so much better, and do not shrink as the coarse ones do.

Worcester Salt

Does Not Grow Hard or Lumpy.

CUCUMBER AND OTHER PICKLES.
For a basket of cucumbers take a pint of coarse salt, dissolve in water enough to cover the cucumbers, pour it boiling hot over them, let stand for 24 hours, pour the brine off and repeat two successive mornings, the fourth morning drain off the brine and pour on boiling water, let them stand 24 hours, then if the cucumbers are not plump, pour in boiling water again. When the cucumbers are all filled out plump they are ready for the vinegar. Place them in the jar in which they are to be kept, and as they are packed place in little bags containing whole allspice, cloves, cinnamon and mustard. Put a little horseradish root among the cucumbers, hot vinegar enough to cover them with a small piece of alum dissolved in it, pour it over them boiling hot. Cover tight. Whole mustard seed is liked by some.

RICE CUCUMBER PICKLES. Take large yellow cucumbers, pare them, take out the cores and soak in salt water two days. Then take them out of the brine, pour over them boiling water and let them stand over night. Pour off this water and they are ready for the pickle. For each quart of sharp vinegar take one pint of hot water, two large cups of sugar and one tablespoonful of cinnamon, cloves, allspice, black pepper, mace or nutmeg, add a handful of raisins or ripe grapes. Scald all together and boil until the cucumbers are easily penetrated with a fork. Use as little of the vinegar as possible to boil them in and pour the rest over them when done.

SWEET TOMATO PICKLES. Peel 7 pounds ripe tomatoes. Put in the preserving kettle 4 pounds of white sugar and 1 pint of vinegar, 1 ounce each of cloves and cinnamon, boil until clear, then put in tomatoes carefully and boil until done. If handled carefully they will remain whole. This same syrup is nice for peaches, pears, apples, or any sweet pickles. Sweet apples make fine pickles.

CHILI SAUCE. Six ripe tomatoes, two green peppers, one onion, one tablespoonful salt, one and one-half cups vinegar. Chop peppers, tomatoes and onions and boil one hour.

GREEN TOMATO PICKLES. Slice one peck green tomatoes, six green peppers, four onions. Stir in a cup of salt and let remain over night, then pour off water, put them in a kettle with vinegar enough to cover them, add one cup grated horse radish, one tablespoon cloves, one tablespoon cinnamon, and one of allspice, one cup sugar. Cook until soft. (Spices must be ground.)

MY MOTHER'S SWEET PICKLE RECIPE. Seven pounds of fruit, two pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, two ounces of ground cinnamon, one-half ounce of cloves.

FANCY WORK HINTS.

Mold crochet is a favorite form of household decoration at the present time. Some of the newest book covers are made of tinted linen, painted with gold and colors. The old-fashioned Mignardise braid has reappeared, and is used to outline patterns with very good results. Sachets composed of morie often have the wavy lines of the watering traced out in tiny spirals of beads. Pretty candle shades are made of vegetable parchment painted with oil colors and brightened with gold.

Two wooden tobacco pipes, tied together crosswise with colored ribbon, have their bowls stuffed to do duty as pin-cushions. Handsome tea cloths are now made of gold-colored linen. Round the edge runs a border, resembling black lace worked with black silk.

A novelty in photograph screens is made of three sheets of glass, bound and connected with straps of ribbon and decorated with bows. Egg cozies are made in the form of a water lily turned upside down, the stalk forming the handle. The petals of the flower are of white or yellow satin and the leaves of green.

The newest lamp shades have a frill of painted lace. The ground is yellow, the details colored according to their character—blue or red for floral motives and green for leaves or stems.

Narrow pieces of silk that are too small for any other purpose are transformed into charming sheaths for folding fans. Silk cord is sewed around the edge and a loop of the cord left to carry the bag by.

THE BEAUTY OF MULL.

How it May Be Used in the Making of a Pretty Costume.
The beauty of a suit is something that can never be denied, and while it is not a particularly expensive material, it becomes rather costly to make it up, inasmuch as silk or satin is required for its lining. That girl who is at once fond of pretty clothes and economical, has saved the white silk or white satin party dress that has served its time, and utilizes it, after it has been thoroughly cleaned, as a foundation for the mull skirt, under which it looks so well. It might be that instead of white it was a pale pink or blue that did service, for this would also be in good taste and make a very effective background for the thin mull. Instead of being plaited the mull skirt is carefully gathered and falls over its silky lining in fine curves. Its trimming consists of three narrow flounces carefully hemmed by hand, and headed by a quille, which is, in reality, a triple box-pleat of very narrow pink satin ribbon. Broad pink ribbon, that which is known as the sash width, makes the yoke; and the lower part of the bodice, which is of the mull, is fitted to it. This fullness is evenly laid on the yoke edge, but at the waist it is drawn to the center so that a pointed effect is achieved.

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Potted Mackerel.—Clean, season and bake the mackerel in a pan, with plenty of spices, bay leaves, salt and butter. When cold put them in a pot and cover with butter.—Harper's Bazar.

—Cherry Pudding.—Soak and cook a half cup of tapioca in a pint of water until transparent. Have a pint of fresh pitted cherries in an earthen dish. Sprinkle them with sugar, pour over them the cooked tapioca and bake for an hour in a moderate oven. Serve hot with or without cream.—Good Health.

—Tomato Salad with Shrimps.—Slice twelve large tomatoes and four sweet peppers, sprinkle them with finely minced chives, pepper and salt. Arrange the slices alternately, garnish with pickled shrimps, also sprinkled with minced chives, and sprinkle the whole well with oil and vinegar, or, better still, lemon or fresh lime juice.—Farmer's Review.

—How to Cook Peas.—Peas should be carefully picked over but not washed, as this washes the little sweet stem that connects the pea to the pod is lost. Put them into fresh boiling water and boil them thirty minutes. Then drain them in a colander, put them into a hot dish and season with plenty of sweet, fresh butter, a little salt, and if you choose, a little pepper, and put the dish of peas in the refrigerator for two minutes.—Boston Budget.

—Gooseberry Meringue.—Boil two quarts green gooseberries in a little water and some moist sugar; pour them through a sieve and lay the pulp at the bottom of the shallow pie dish. Beat up the yolks of three eggs and add to them three-fourths pint milk. Pour this on the top of the fruit, and pour in moderate oven to bake; when nearly done wash the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, mix in lightly one ounce sugar and pile it on the custard. Return it to the oven to brown.—Orange Juice Farmer.

—Caramel Pudding.—Put half a dozen lumps of sugar into a quarter of a pint of water. Stir it over the fire until the sugar becomes a dark brown. Warm a mold, pour in the caramel, and keep turning it round and round until the interior is completely covered with the sirup. Beat three eggs with a pint of milk, pour this into the mold, cover with buttered paper, and set in a saucepan of cold water. Put the pan on the fire, and let the pudding cook gently for an hour, when it should be set. Take out the pudding, leave it until cold, and then turn out carefully.—Ladies' Mercury.

—Clam Chowder.—One quart hard-shell clams, one cupful of fine-cut onions, one quart of fine-cut potatoes, one-half can of tomatoes, two quarts of boiling water, four ounces of lard, one teaspoonful of salt, one even teaspoonful of white pepper, one teaspoonful of pulverized thyme, and one teaspoonful of beef extract; place the pork in a saucepan over the fire, and fry light brown; add the boiling water, the carrots, onions and celery, cook until the carrots are done; then add the potatoes, salt and pepper, and cook ten minutes; add the tomatoes, and cook twenty minutes longer; then add the fine-chopped clams and their liquor, the thyme, and beef extract, and a little cayenne pepper. Melt one-half tablespoonful of butter in a small saucepan, add one-half tablespoonful of flour, stir for a few minutes over the fire; add it to the chowder, boil ten minutes and serve.—Good Housekeeping.

TERIBLY AFFLICTED.

[From the Herald, Cayuga, Ind.]

A headache is a common ailment with everybody, but very few people are tormented with that terrible affliction—sick headache or bilious headache. No one who has not suffered from this agonizing malady can form any just conception of the agony which it entails. The sufferer is unable to eat, and the nausea and vomiting of the stomach and utter exhaustion of the body that usually accompanies each attack. Mrs. John W. Middlebrook of Hillsdale, Ind., was so afflicted for years, and her husband told a reporter the following remarkable story:

"My wife suffered terribly four or five years with her head and was in constant agony day and night. Nothing brought relief. Finally, a lady friend in Montezuma, Ind., advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought a box and my wife began taking the pills. She had not taken the first box until she was better and the awful pains in her head were less severe. By the time she had taken the second box she felt greatly relieved, and I purchased the second box. Her improvement continued and I kept buying pills until four boxes were used. The pain in her head stopped. That was last October, 1894, and she has never suffered with her head since. My wife is about 65 years old and very feeble, but these pills have greatly benefited her health in other ways."

The reporter further confirmed the story by telling of the good. "Polly" would pipe "Belay." The men would stop and "belay." It became very annoying, though one had to laugh at it.

The singular appropriateness of parrot talk is often remarkable. A great gray and crimson parrot, in the hands of her summering, had perched herself on a fence separating the garden from a paddock in which some cows and two or three young calves were kept. Polly sat quietly enjoying the view, when suddenly one of the little calves came bounding toward her with all that peculiar grace of movement that distinguishes those animals. Poor Polly was so frightened that she tumbled off her perch over backward to the ground. She got up very much disheveled and very much ashamed, and was even heard to say—sotto voce: "Can't you take a joke, Polly?"

SHE CAUGHT A SHARK ON A HOOK.

A shark ten feet long was caught on a hook by a young lady while fishing for halibut from the deck of the steamship Queen, at Killisnoe banks, between Fox Wrangle and Sitka, on the recent Alaska trip. The Queen lay there at anchor for three hours to allow the passengers an opportunity to engage in the exciting sport of halibut fishing, and a large number of highly educated fishermen with large hooks and lines were landing one or two Miss F. A. Sprague of San Francisco, discovered that upon her line was the strongest and largest fish of the season, but imagine her excitement when, by the help of a gentleman, the ugly, vicious-looking monster of the deep was pulled to the surface of the water and found to be a shark.

The excitement of the crowd was intense, but the plucky young lady did not lose her nerve, and hung on to the line till a rope in the form of a lasso was securely fastened around the shark's tail, rendering it helpless. It was then shot, dead, and by the efforts of several men hauled to the lower deck.

It measured ten feet in length and weighed 410 pounds. It was not of the man-eating variety, there being none of that kind so far north. It was more of a stupid, sluggish, ugly kind which live on fish, and was probably making havoc in the halibut banks.

Captain Carroll, before returning, had some of the teeth of the sea monster removed and preserved for the young lady, who probably enjoys the distinction of being the only woman who ever made such a capture on the Pacific coast.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Young Folks' Column.

MONKEY AND PARROT WIT.

Incidents That Prove the Intelligence of Some Birds and Monkeys.

After a somewhat learned and very interesting discussion on the "Nearness of animals to man," and Mr. Garner's efforts toward developing a monkey language, etc., some one told the following story:

"A young lad in a Southern family I know, had a half-grown black monkey sent to him from Borneo. The creature, shy and strange at first soon showed himself responsive to kindness, quick and intelligent in learning the usual accomplishments thought necessary in a monkey education. He became warmly attached to his youthful owner, and the two friends might be seen anywhere together, the Borneo monkey, his new masters of young America, occasionally giving him an affectionate tap on the cheek or chattering in his ear in the most human way possible. After a while it was decreed that Yokko's master must be sent north to school, and the desolate condition of that monkey, in consequence, was really pitiable—he grieved and refused to be comforted for a long time and then he suddenly became mischievous. He played such tricks and pranks that at last everybody's patience gave out and Yokko was disposed of and disappeared.

Years went by and the young Southerner went from school to college; soon after his graduation he was visiting in some western city—Chicago, I think—and passing along the streets one day he observed a knot of people gathered on a corner. He approached to see what it meant; suddenly a great black thing leaped at him, and he was seized by the paw and patting and stroking his face, with such an abandon of affection, such an excited chattering and murmuring as completely bewildered the young man for a moment.

Of course it was Master Yokko descending to the role of an organ monkey, and after all the years, all the travel and toil and change he had recognized his old young master! The delight was mutual, and arrangements were soon completed for the re-purchase of Yokko. Certainly, if prompt, swift decision is indicative of something beyond mere instinct—of intelligence in fact—that monkey had it! and there wasn't any question as to his 'nearness to man,' was there?"

"You know sailors are always fond of pets, and on board a man-of-war they are especially so. There are always two or three, sometimes more, on board and a ship in southern waters always has a monkey and a parrot. So at Madagascar they brought a big black ape, which the men named 'Majunga,' from the name of the port. She was tame, and had had some teaching, and altogether was very well behaved. When she first came aboard it was necessary to shut her up while we were getting off, so a banana was put into an empty chicken coop, and Majunga went in. While she was, apparently, absorbed in her meal, the banana the door of the coop was closed upon her, and fastened by means of a hasp over an eye and a big nail slipped through. So, you see, the monkey was safe. Now, a monkey is always the watch word for the moment when it seems least so. It will look in all directions but the one it needs to, apparently. Consequently, Majunga had her back to the door at the time. When she had finished her banana she hesitated and without an instant's hesitation put her paw through the bars of the coop, lifted out the nail, pushed open the door, and mounted on the top of the coop, laid the nail beside her, and with evident interest watched what was going on.

"One day she spied a bowl of milk that had been put on a swing shelf—set away for the captain's use. Majunga sprang up on to the shelf, took the bowl, and poured the milk over the deck with it so lightly that not a drop of the milk was spilled. Then she seated herself by the mast—holding the bowl—and, looking straight at me, that creature told me what she had done, and what she was going to do. It was as plain as possible—no mistaking it. I never felt so humiliated in my life. There was that black ape beside me, talking to me, which she evidently expected me to understand—and I felt that ought not to be understood. But that I looked just like her. I actually talked the beast!"

Here there was a shout at the idea of this distinguished, intellectual looking man feeling his likeness to a monkey. "Well, when the explanation was over, Madame Majunga lifted the bowl to her head, using her two hands just as I would have done, drank the milk, put the empty bowl back on the swinging shelf, and jumped to my chamber to sleep. There was a general laugh, and somebody asked about parrots. 'Oh, yes—where there's a monkey there's a parrot or two. Yes, we had a parrot on board ship, and she soon learned to call out to the captain a dozen times a day. 'Orderly! orderly! Come here!' imitating the captain's voice so that the poor orderly had no peace of his life."

"Sometimes when the men were hauling away the net of the cod fish, 'Belay!' would pipe 'Belay.' The men would stop and 'belay.' It became very annoying, though one had to laugh at it."

The singular appropriateness of parrot talk is often remarkable. A great gray and crimson parrot, in the hands of her summering, had perched herself on a fence separating the garden from a paddock in which some cows and two or three young calves were kept. Polly sat quietly enjoying the view, when suddenly one of the little calves came bounding toward her with all that peculiar grace of movement that distinguishes those animals. Poor Polly was so frightened that she tumbled off her perch over backward to the ground. She got up very much disheveled and very much ashamed, and was even heard to say—sotto voce: "Can't you take a joke, Polly?"

THE PEOPLE OF SERBIA ARE FASTING.

The people of Serbia are forever fasting. The most severe fast is that of Lent, which lasts seven weeks. Then, on the 30th of June, is the fast of St. Peter, which lasts two weeks, and is observed by some persons for four weeks. From the 1st to the 15th of August, the fast of St. Mary, and Christmas is preceded by a forty days' fast. Apart from these Lenten fasts every Friday and every Wednesday throughout the year is held to be a fast day. Fasting in Serbia is no mere change of diet; it means real abstinence and privation. At Piroth this fasting has assumed such serious proportions as to constitute a grave medical problem and a national danger, for it affects seriously the health of the population, the strength and fighting capabilities of the soldiers. The medical men reckoned that, on the whole, half the days in the year were fast days. This means that for some six months in the year the population of Piroth and neighborhood is only fed bread, raw onions and raw vegetables. No cooking is done; not a morsel of meat is allowed.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

—Every real master of speaking or writing uses his personality as he would any other serviceable material; the very moment a speaker or writer begins to use it, not for his main purpose, but for vanity's sake, he is wasting it; and he is sure to do, hearers and readers feel the difference in a moment—Holmes.

MERITED REWARD.

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Unequalled in the History of Medicine. Honesty, Excellence, Faithfulness. Filly Rewarded.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and never in the history of Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful Compound has the demand for it been so great as it is today. From Maine to California, from the Gulf to the St. Lawrence, come the glad tidings of woman's suffering relieved by it; and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women, saying that it will and does positively cure those painful ailments of women.

It will cure the worst forms of female complaints, all kinds of troubles, inflammation and ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb, and consequent spinal weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the change of life. Every time it will cure.

Backache.

It has cured more cases of leucorrhoea by removing the cause, than any remedy the world has ever known; it is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills work in union with the Compound, and are a sure cure for constipation and sick headache. Mrs. Pinkham's Sensitive Wash is frequently found of great value for local application. Correspondence is freely solicited by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., and the strictest confidence assured. All druggists sell the Pinkham's remedies. The Vegetable Compound in three forms—Liquid, Pills, and Lozenges.

Sick Headache.

IS THE RESULT OF:

- DISORDERED STOMACH,
- BLUR BEFORE THE EYES,
- DIZZINESS,
- OVER-EATING,
- SOUR STOMACH,
- CONSTIPATION,
- LIVER COMPLAINT,
- NERVOUS DEBILITY,
- PRICKLY FEELING OF HANDS OR FEET.

A Sure Relief for Dyspepsia by using

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EVERY BOX WARRANTED. Small Pill. Small Dose. No Gripping. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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Deposits Received Subject to Check and INTEREST PAID ON THE DAILY BALANCES.

In Savings Department, interest paid QUARTERLY at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum on Deposits remaining THREE MONTHS or longer. Interest computed from the 1st and 15th of each month.

All Deposits Subject to Check and Strictly Confidential. High Grade Bonds and Investment Securities Bought and Sold.

Burglar & Fire-proof Safe Deposit Boxes To Let. F. E. SMITH, Treas. Banking Hours 9 to 4 daily. 1719

AUGUSTA SAVINGS BANK.

ORGANIZED IN 1848.

Assets, June 13th, 1895, \$5,881,617.37. Surplus, \$450,000.

TRUSTEES.

WM. S. BADGER. J. H. MANLEY. L. C. CORNISH. L. L. TITCOMB. E. F. PARROT. Deposits received and placed on interest the first day of every month. Interest paid or credited in account on the first Wednesday of February and August. Deposits are exempt by law from all taxes, and accounts are strictly confidential. Special privileges afforded to Executors, Administrators, Guardians, Trustees, married women and minors.

CONSUMPTION.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad

Down
 as my
 was
 recommended
 the first bottle
 helped me
 continued and
 my appetite
 improved and
 that tired
 feeling
 left me
 Formerly my
 hands trembled
 badly, but in
 Hood's Sarsaparilla
 I found
 a wonderful
 grand medicine
 for my
 "H. R. SQUIRE,
 Sarsaparilla
 Only
 Purifier
 public eye today.

County News.

Excursion of the Ken-
 and Lake Marano Associa-
 from this city attended.
 Gardner have been
 letters recently
 the offenders
 receive any more letters

Bradstreet case of
 a pleasantly settled
 the amount due to
 annually the \$1000
 him by the late Peter

of Waterville came in
 Saturday. During the
 trout and one salmon.
 trout fishing in these
 growing better, and in
 they will be as good
 are in the State.

Recent sensation is still
 in the arrest of Albert
 sent business man, and
 and arduous. Such charges
 great public fermenta-
 tion, accompanied by
 of Mrs. Wheeler.

Whitney culminated some
 which he was whipping
 remonstrated and re-
 self, followed by the
 himself and the woman.

er reception at Win-
 as a success. Of the
 and invitations sent out
 many responses, and the
 with the summer

bled from the shores
 is and her sister
 the old Cobbe-
 as a ball game, a com-
 munitary band and an

by Hon. L. T. Carle-
 followed by a banquet in

at City of Waterville,
 ran on the Kennebec
 and Waterville, while
 gers on the up-river

g, Thursday afternoon,
 tug Joe Baker, which
 the schooner, A. J. Miller,
 the full force of

both crafts
 damaged. The schooner
 and stove in the pilot
 on the steamer was in-

Whittier of San Fran-
 North Vienna, as an
 of his childhood and
 to rebuild the Meth-
 en, North Vienna, long

the subject of
 section. He has made
 Mr. Levi Coffen of
 Mr. Whittier, passed
 Vienna, to take charge

of the church edifice,
 the cemetery near by
 the convenience of the town-
 b will be thoroughly

and, costing \$2000.
 rights in succession,
 with drums, saws,
 and noise, the mid-

the most high-
 heard in Gardner.
 Tuesday evening, 200
 a couple on Spring

recently married.
 the cemetery near by
 50 men and boys kept
 or that could be heard

until after 11 o'clock.
 the evening, with new
 and the great-grand-
 of the direct line of

the direct line of
 follows: Mrs. Anna
 of Mrs. Alden Maine,
 in Pittsfield, except

two grandmothers, two
 Mrs. Mathews' children
 and, and one great-grand-

son of Charles Foster
 called all the day, about
 his farm and drove
 also has done nearly

the first story of his
 the plans of the route
 dam is to be 500 feet in length, and cost

\$20,000.
 Charles Estes, aged 16, son of Frank
 L. Estes of Skowhegan, met with a

shocking accident, Wednesday. He was
 clearing a rifle when it exploded, tearing
 his second finger from his left hand at
 the joint, making a painful wound.

William Minnehan was fined in the
 Municipal Court at Biddeford for as-
 suilting his wife. Minnehan is the man
 who served a short sentence a few years
 ago for causing the death of his little girl
 by holding her over the side of a boat
 when he was intoxicated.

The successful eighteen days' spirit
 camping at Verona Park closed
 Sunday. Officers were elected Saturday
 afternoon: President, Freeman Smith;
 Rockland; vice president, Peter Abbott;
 Verona; treasurer, John Eldridge; Buck-
 port; clerk, Mrs. Poyer.

Mr. John Barrett of Bridgewater lost
 a valuable horse by what seems a singu-
 lar accident. A man was riding the
 horse and carrying a scythe upon his
 arm. In some way it struck the hind leg
 of the horse, cutting it so badly as to
 make it necessary to kill the animal.

About 80 men, masons, carpenters and
 laborers are now at work on the new
 house in Caribou. The brick walls
 for the first story are nearly completed
 and it is expected that all the outside
 brick work will be finished about Aug. 25.

The latest sensation in Dixville, is a
 young man under the influence of old



RE-OPENS SEPT. 3rd, 1895.

THE COURSE OF STUDY

is thorough, complete and practical. Pupils are

taught the duties and work of every-day life.

THE FACULTY

embraces a list of more than twenty teachers and

assistants, selected with special reference to pro-

ficiency in each department.

THE STUDENTS

are young people of both sexes, full of diligence

and energy.

THE DISCIPLINE

is of the highest order and includes valuable

business lessons.

THE PATRONAGE

is the largest of any similar institution

in the world.

THE REPUTATION

of this school for originality and leadership

is being the standard institution of its

kind generally acknowledged.

SPECIAL COURSE.

Shorthand, Copy Writing, Composition and

Correspondence may be taken as a special course.

SITUATIONS

in business houses furnished pupils among

the graduates of the school.

THE SCHOOL BUILDING

608 Washington Street, Boston, is centrally lo-

cated and purposely constructed. Office open

daily from 10 o'clock to 4 o'clock. **Principal,**

H. E. HIRSHARD.

32d ANNUAL

New England Fair,

RIGBY PARK AND CITY HALL,

PORTLAND, ME.,

Aug. 27, 28, 29, 30, 1895.

\$25,000 IN PRIZES AND

PREMIUMS.

COME AND SEE:

Johnson, the bicycle race, go against the

2 minute mark, also two miles to beat 4.10

The cream of New England live stock.

Races from all sections of the United States.

Racing by the circuit flyers.

Great Agricultural, Horticultural and Flori-

cultural exhibits.

Dairy Products, Bees and Honey.

Fruit, Flavors and Confectionery.

Fauna, Decorated China and Needle-

work.

Seashore Fisheries.

Gifford's Birds and Animals of New England.

DON'T FORGET:

The Mardi Gras Floral Parade.

The Coaching Parade and pretty girls.

The Concerts from Boston by Telephone.

The numerous Electrical novelties.

The various amusements and other

attractions.

The Musical Concerts afternoon and evening.

The special attractions being secured day

by day, and each worth the price of admission.

REMEMBER:

Presidents, Governors and Mayors galore

are to attend.

The North Atlantic Squadron will be in Port-

land Harbor, and will favor us with an illu-

mination.

Portland extends greetings, and the man-

agement guarantees your money's worth.

Special attention, Special Trains and Special

Fares from all parts of New England.

H. F. FAIRBANKS, Mgr., Portland, Me.

F. H. APPLETON, Pres. E. T. ROWELL, Sec.

WARREN BROWN, Treas. 3140

Comfort.

Comfort is a state of

quiet enjoyment.

A freedom from all

which disturbs or

annoys.

Are You Comfortable?

or does your food annoy and disturb

after eating? Are you bilious

and constipated, do your eyes blur

and trouble you?

In this way, The True "L.F." Medicine

(or Bitter) relieve those difficulties

at once. 35 c. a bottle of all de-

alers. Ask for "L.F." Card.

Items of Maine News.

The body of Alec Snow, who has been

missing since Monday of last week, was

found off Snow's wharf in Rockland

harbor, early Monday morning.

Alvaro C. Dargin, a Biddeford painter

aged 35, was drowned by the capsizing of

a day of Wood Island, Monday. He

was married.

Mrs. Hermida Jariz of Biddeford,

whose husband was drowned in the

river a few weeks ago, Friday, gave birth

to triplets. They are healthy infants.

She now has sixteen children.

The Ammen ram was given a progressive

speed trial Saturday, and made eight

successful runs over the mile course,

reaching a speed of 16 1/2 knots. She will

have new propellers put on next week.

By a majority of 908, the voters of

Biddeford have instructed the city council

to provide for building a new bridge across

the harbor at a cost not exceeding \$85,

000. The vote is not legally binding, but

only an expression of the popular wish.

The Manufacturers' Investment Com-

pany of Madison has received bids for

the erection of a new dam across the

Kennebec River, near the mill. The

dam is to be 500 feet in length, and cost

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The latest sensation in Dixville, is a

young man under the influence of old

cider attempting to shoot himself. A

friend caught the rifle and jerked it, one

side just in time to prevent the ball enter-

ing his head. His face is said to be

slightly burned.

Geo. E. Fay of Dexter told his wife

he was going to commit suicide by

taking laudanum, and procuring a sup-

ply of the drug, started off into the

woods. Later the wife found him under

a pile of brush, unconscious. By apply-

ing restoratives he was brought to con-

sciousness, and will recover.

A field business men have formed a

stock company and will at once erect a

three story building, 110 feet long with

a basement, to be leased for five years to

Whittemore & Ireland of Foxcroft, now

doing business in that town, for the

carrying on of their business of manu-

facturing upholstered parlor furniture.

Wm. Appleby has just received four

carloads of machinery to be put into use

at the dam at that place has been com-

pleted. The lumber for a coffer dam is

all on the ground, and work was begun

upon the foundation of the structure this

week.

The body of B. R. Hunter of West-

chester, Mass., was discovered, Thursday

morning, on the Maine Central Y at

Brunswick. It was crushed almost be-

yond recognition. On the body was a

gold watch, and in his pocket a \$20 bill.

It is supposed he must have fallen from

or been crushed by the 3 o'clock Pull-

man.

On Friday morning a fishing party set

out for Bryant Pond, from Sorrento, by

invitation of Dr. Haines of Ellsworth.

The members of the party were Chief

Justice Fuller, Secretary D. S. Lamont,

General Scofield, Justice Peters, Eu-

gene Hale, Hon. Frank Jones, and F. A.

Christy.

Fred Hodgkins of Egypt, Me., while

lugging water from the brook the other

day, slipped and fell in such a manner

that he went head first into one of the

palls, completely immersing his head in

the water so that he could not remove it,

and but for the help of his companions

who came to his assistance he would

have drowned in a few seconds.

It is announced at Deer Isle that the

wife of Everett J. Haskell, now ill at the

home of his mother in that place, has

carried a negro, Prof. J. H. Bristol,

founder of the Portland Banquet Club.</

Poetry.

PLAYING TEA.

In a quaint and dim old attic
Fragrant with queer, withered herbs,
Joyous with the soft, with-wind
And the songs of making birds—
In a quaint and dim old attic,
Laughing in their merry glee,
Kate and Elsie sit together,
Sitting, playing tea.

Elsie spreads the cake table,
("The bottom of a chair")
While Miss Kate with nimble fingers
Brushes Dolly's curly hair,
And puts by the worn-out garments
For some other, fresh and new,
Smiling all the while she chatters,
And keeps Elsie chattering too.

But such bread is on their table
And such cake! "so sweet and light,"
Kate says, a queer smile wrinkling
Up her forehead and her eyes.
"What preserves! and oh! what butter!
May I ask its price per pound?"
"Forty-five," the voice of Kate
Ripples with a joyous sound.

"Forty-five I paid for this, Kate,
Last week," said Elsie, and old,
(Shut the window, please, dear bridge,
Baby has a horrid cold)
How's your child, dear, loveless?
Well and happy? that is good;
But I thought Frank had the measles?
So at least I understood.

"Are you going, Mrs. Loveless?
You must come again some day;
You will surely soon forget me
If you stay so long away.
Now play you were hostess, Kate,
And I'll come and stay to tea;
I will now Mrs. Loveless,
And you, Kate, shall be me."

Years have passed; within a cottage
Kate and Elsie calmly sit,
Each with her foot on a cradle,
As a baby's sock she knit,
And smile as a quaint vision
Of an attic fits o'er me,
And see those fresh and new mothers
Once more children, "playing tea."
—Marie Oliver, in Old Colony Memorial.

Our Story Teller.

ELEANOR'S ROMANCE.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

Harlowe Graham, crushing that white

sheet beneath a heavy hand, rose from

his chair with an ejaculation that

made the very pens in their tray dance

trinkling.

"By Jove this is hard luck," he re-

peated, and he strode the length of his

office frowningly. "Coming this week!

And to play the deuce with—! but he

did not finish the sentence. There are

thoughts that a man hesitates to form

into cold-blooded English; and the

man who paced that office floor and

kicked defenseless rugs and chairs

from his path found it easier to recog-

nize in thought than in speech the

state of affairs that so irritated him.

Old Mrs. Post, who dusted his office,

and just as vigorously whisked all such

friendly covering from the private af-

fairs of Millport, would have been less

squeamish. Indeed, that very morning

she had been heard to say to her be-

came and be-frilled neighbor, Mrs.

Pennypacker, that there would be "the

old gentleman to pay" when Miss

Eleanor came home, which "old gen-

tleman," so judge from her expression,

was a creditor in not too high repute

for his leniency. "An' wether 'ell

break w' her an' marry Miss Celia,"

she said to it graceful, nor to break w'

Miss Celia an' marry her, no more;" at

which lucid statement of the affair the

cap and frills of Mrs. Pennypacker

nodded sagaciously.

Harlowe Graham would probably

have twisted his blonde mustache with

many degrees of added fierceness had

he dreamed that gossiping cronies

dared consider thus officiously matters

that to him were as grave as they were

unmentionable.

His engagement to pretty Eleanor

Field had been of too long standing to

be ignored by any save the very one

whom he chose to have ignore it,

handsome Celia Chichester. This

charming young woman, having lived

all her life abroad, had returned with

an acknowledgments that included a

knowledge of all the affairs on two

continents, save, perhaps, the one very

insignificant affair of Mr. Graham's

engagement, which affair that gentle-

man, in the triumph of his friendship

with her lofty self, was quite willing

most delightful rest for you as well as a

pleasant visit. You haven't seen the

Carters for three years."

"I know," Eleanor answered slowly,

then with sudden resolve: "Thank

you very much, Tom; I will go gladly."

And glad enough she looked on that

brilliant morning, sitting in the prow

of the little tug whose speed through

the waters caused the wind to whirl

the flaxen tendrils about her shapely

head and call up the straying color to

her cheek. Harlowe was relieved to

have gotten somehow through the

form of greeting her, and back where

the white waters rippled from the

stern he leaned above Celia's chair, but

faintly and uneasily conscious of her

existence.

It was not until they were well up

the Petillant and making the landing

in the Carters' slip that his attention

was called rather startlingly to her.

On the deck beside Miss Carter stood

a bearded fellow in uniform, whose

shining, handsome face and distin-

guished bearing would have attracted

notice anywhere; and Graham, watch-

ing him with involuntary admiration,

saw him reach forth a cordial hand

and exclaim in a tone compounded of

amazement and delight:

"Miss Eleanor! Here!"

And Eleanor, her sweet face alight,

was saying softly as he helped her

out:

"Lieut. Thorne! How did it happen?

I thought you were well on your way

toward Spain."

Graham heard no more; but he felt

something like resentment mixed with

his wonder that Eleanor could possi-

bly, without his knowledge and con-

sent, count among her acquaintances

so commanding and attractive a person

as this unexplained Lieut. Thorne.

His mind was so busy with the prob-

lem that at first he did not hear Miss

Carter's laughing comment:

"You little friend seems to have

found a desideratum in brass buttons!"

He shrugged his shoulders with an

answering laugh that was not wholly

mischievous. "They'll hear you," he

replied, shortly, by way of warning, for

Eleanor and the blue uniform were but

a step ahead.

"But Miss Celia was not to be warned."

"I will console you if I can," she said,

gaily, "that you have not honored me

with an account of your little rom-

ance; and then, more softly: "I have

only waited for your confidences be-

fore burdening you with my own. You

remember Mr. Burnap, whom you met

at the house last week? He is the for-

tunate man, and he thought an expla-

nation rather due to you before now; but

I was hardly so egotistical as to ac-

knowledge the necessity."

Lieut. Thorne saw none of it, nor had

he heard the mocking laugh behind.

He was conscious of but one fact in

all the glowing universe, and that fact

walked beside him in a modest gray

gown.

"To think that all a man's aspira-

tions, his very life and strength, should

be bound up in a little parcel five feet

square! He suddenly exclaimed; and,

though the voice was playful, when

Eleanor looked up there was a strange

mistiness about the kindly eyes.

A sudden glow and warmth suffused

her face. How tall and powerful he

looked, towering above her, and yet

how kind and good! And she had been

so blind to it all before, blind because

but she would not think of that. There

should be no more blindness,

she decided, though eye-openings were

not always the pleasantest things in the

world. He saw the flare of color on

her rounded cheek and the slight paleness

that followed.

"I have annoyed you," he said, "and

I promised to be good. But the days

have been long since you left, and how

am I to remember promises or any

other thing when all my energies

have been used of late in trying to

forget? There! I will not spoil your

visit. I'm in mortal terror lest you

may be spirited off as mysteriously as

you came." He was laughing lightly

now, with the evident desire to set her

at her ease, and he launched swiftly

into a description of the various pro-

vidential happenings that had gained

him his fortune, and of the further

good fortune of his meeting with Mrs.

Carter at Cleveland, of her invitation,

and his half-indifferent acceptance.

His voice, slow and sweet, and always

with that undertone of kindly feeling,

caused Eleanor to think that, after all,

it might not be so irksome to assume

a happiness she had thought she could

not feel. In ten days and just he began

to dawn for Eleanor, though by the

calendar that event had transpired

some hours before.

It was really a beautiful day for so

sturdy a dawn; and Eleanor, feeling

the cordial gladness in her hostess'

welcome, smiled the more gladly when

that astute soul remarked, with a tap

of her fan upon his shoulder:

"Tom, Lieut. Thorne, are to take Miss

Field to dinner. My dear, I send you

out with the only lion I have captured

for this happy occasion."

Eleanor laughed gaily. Somehow it

began to be natural to laugh.

"I'm afraid of lions," she said, some-

what shyly, as she took his arm.

"You needn't be," was his mischiev-

ous reply, "they never eat sweets."

He, too, had forgotten that only last

night he had paced the walk in the

white starlight and fancied himself a

worn old man, so tired and lifeless he

had grown. There were threads of

white in his hair, that he knew; but

to-day he felt boy-like, exuberant.

What a merry dinner it was!

Eleanor never had seemed so bright.

"Girls are funny things," Tom Chaud-

ler thought. "Only last week that

child was looking the picture of de-

spond; and now she's like sunshine it-

self."

Harlowe Graham was thinking so,

too. The sunshine had not fallen on

him with any very brilliant effect.

The world looked rather gray, indeed,

and life a good deal of a bore. He

took himself off after dinner, and

walked along the river bank, sullenly

throwing in stones and watching the

water as it broke into fluttering ripples.

The reflections thus shivered

and marred were no more disturbed

than his own. One thing he knew:

Celia Chichester should never guess

what chagrin she had caused him.

He would impress it upon her that

she was to herself were the merest

whispering away of a weary tedium, and

that the "little romance" to which she

A GLITTERING TEMPTATION.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

When Leander Clarke married Mabel

Thorphe, he had no expectation of ever

being a rich man, but as his affairs ap-

pear at the present time he is on the

broad highway to future wealth. It

all arose from the fact that he took

time by the forelock, the only way

poor mortals have of ever getting even

with him of the scythe and hour-glass.

But it is this very thing that is caus-

ing him such a lot of mental anguish

now, making his nights sleepless, and

threatening to undermine his domestic

peace.

Mabel Thorpe laid no claims to so-

cial distinction when Leander met her

first at some entertainment, where

she rendered selections of classic

music in such a masterly manner,

that he, being a lover of music,

was instantly attracted to her side,

and stayed there during the even-

ing. For the rest she wore glasses

being near-sighted, and, having been

graduated from an eastern college,

was rather stiff and pedantic in her

manner—a grateful change from the

ordinary frisky young creatures with

whom Leander had been associated.

